Thou hadſt bin better haue been borne a dog,
Then anſwere my wak'd wrath.
Iag. Iſt come to this?
Ot. Make me to ſee't, or at the leaſt ſo proue it,
That the probation, beare no hinge, nor loope,
To hang a doubt on: or woe vpon thy life.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. If thou doeſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Neuer pray more, abandon all remorce:
On horrors head, horrors accumulate:
Do deeds, to make heauen weepe, all earth amaz'd,
For nothing canſt thou to damnation adde, greater then that.
Iag. O grace, O heauen defend me,
Are you a man, haue you a ſoule or ſence?
God buy you, take my office,--O wretched foole,
That liueſt to make thine honeſty a vice;
O monſtrous world, take note, take note O world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe,
I thanke you for this profit, and from hence,
Ile loue no friend, ſince loue breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay ſtay, thou ſhouldſt be honeſt.
Iag. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſtie's a foole,
And loſes that it workes for.
Oth. By the world,
I thinke my wife be honeſt, and thinke ſhe is not,
I thinke that thou art iuſt, and thinke thou art not;
Ile haue ſome proofe: her name that was as freſh
As *Dians* viſage, is now begrimd, and blacke
As mine owne face: If there be cords, or kniues,
Poyſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreames,
Ile not endure it: would I were ſatiſfied.
Iag. I ſee ſir, you are eaten vp with paſſion,
I doe repent me that I put it to you;
You would be ſatisfied.
Oth. Would, nay, I will.
Iag. And may, but how, how ſatisfied my Lord?
Would you, the ſuperuiſion groſſely gape on,
Behold her topt?

Oth.

Oth. Death and damnation—oh.
Iag. It were a tedious difficulty I thinke,
To bring em to that proſpect, damn em then,
If euer mortall eyes did ſee them boulſter
More then their owne; what then, how then?
What ſhall I ſay? where's ſatisfaction?
It is impoſſible you ſhould ſee this,
Were they as prime as Goates, as hot as Monkies,
As ſalt as Wolues in pride, and fooles as groſſe
As ignorance made drunke: But yet I ſay,
If imputation and ſtrong circumſtances,
Which leade directly to the doore of truth,
Will giue you ſatisfaction, you may ha't.
Ot. Giue me a liuing reaſon, that ſhe's diſloyall.
Iag. I doe not like the office,
But ſith I am enter'd into this cauſe ſo farre,
Prickt to't by fooliſh honeſty and loue,
I will goe on: I lay with *Caſsio* lately,
And being troubled with a raging tooth, I could not ſleepe
There are a kind of men ſo looſe of ſoule,
That in their ſleepes will mutter their affaires,
One of this kind is *Caſsio:*
In ſleepe I heard him ſay. Sweet *Deſdemona,*
Let vs be wary, let vs hide our loues;
And then ſir would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry out, ſweet creature, and then kiſſe me hard,
As if he pluckt vp kiſſes by the rootes,
That grew vpon my lips, then layed his leg
Ouer my thigh, and ſigh'd, and kiſſed, and then
Cried, curſed fate, that gaue thee to the Moore.
Oth. O monſtrous, monſtrous.
Iag. Nay, this was but his dreame.
Oth. But this denoted a fore-gon concluſion,
Tis a ſhrewd doubt, tho it be but a dreame,
Iag. And this may helpe to thicken other proofes,
That doe demonſtrate thinly.
Oth. Ile teare her all to peeces.
Iag. Nay, but be wiſe, yet we ſee nothing done.